

The Mirror

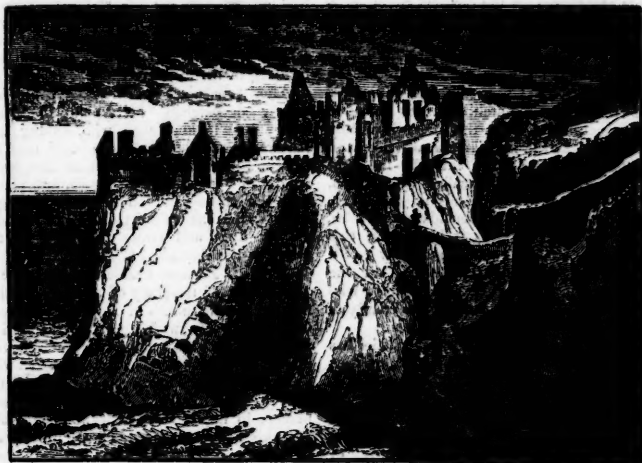
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 650.]

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DUNLUCE CASTLE.

NEAR to that stupendous natural wonder, the Giants' Causeway, on the north-east coast of Antrim County, Ireland, are the tottering gables and crumbling walls of Dunluce Castle, one of the ancient residences of the Earls of Antrim, who derive the title of Viscounts of Dunluce from this castle and barony.

The ruins stand on a perpendicular insulated, or rather detached, rock; the entire surface of which, is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. The walls of the building were never very lofty, but from the great area which they inclose, contained a considerable number of apartments. In the north-eastern end is a small room actually projecting over the sea, the rocky base having fallen away, and from the door of this apartment there is a very awful view of the green sea beneath. The rock on which the castle stands is not surrounded by water, but is united, at the bottom of the chasm, to the main land, by a ledge of rock, a little higher than the surface of the ocean. The castle was entered by a bridge, formed in the following manner:—two parallel walls, about eight feet asunder, thrown across the chasm, connected the rock with the main land: upon these, planks were laid crosswise for the admission of visitors, and removed immediately after the passage

was effected. At present, but one of the walls remains, about thirteen inches in thickness; and the only pathway to the castle is along its summit, over the awful rocky chasm. The distance at which the other parallel wall was placed, may be perceived by the traces of its adhesion to the opposite rock.

On the main land, close to the castle, a second collection of similar buildings are seen, erected at a later period, by one of the Antrim family, in consequence of a melancholy occurrence amongst the domestics in the castle. A small apartment on the verge of the rock gave way and fell into the ocean, which so alarmed the female part of the family, that additional apartments were erected for their accommodation upon the main land. This is said to have happened during the occupancy of Catherine Manners, widow of George Villiers, the great Duke of Buckingham, who married Randal, the first Marquis of Antrim.

Beneath the rock on which the castle stands, is a cave, penetrating completely through, from the sea to the rocky basin on the land side of the castle: it may be entered by a small aperture in the south end, and at low water there is a good deal of the flooring uncovered, which consists of large rounded stones; this form is the consequence of the action of the waves. The sides and roof are

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of basalt, possessing merely the usual characters: here also is a very remarkable echo, when the surface of the water is unruffled.

Though all accurate knowledge of the date of erection, and name of the founder of Dunluce Castle are completely lost, yet the history of its proprietors for the few last centuries is extremely interesting, and affords a very characteristic account of the state of society in the feudal periods of the 15th and 16th centuries. It has been conjectured that De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, originally founded this castle; but the architecture is not of so very ancient a date. In the fifteenth century it was held by the English; at which period it appears to have fallen into the hands of a noble English family, called by Camden, M'Willies, from whose hands it passed into the possession of the M'Donalds of the Isles, and to their descendants it belongs at this day. The M'Willies, now generally called M'Quillans, were the descendants of the De Burgos, a noble English family, who were once lords of that part of the county of Antrim usually denominated the Rout.

Among the sieges which this castle has suffered was that of 1585, when Sorley Boy, i. e. Yellow Charles, lord of Dunluce Castle, still preserving a rebellious disposition, was besieged in his castle by Sir John Perrott, lord deputy of Ireland. The following account of the siege is to be met with in the life of Sir John Perrott.* The deputy planted a battery of culverins and cannon before the castle, which being brought by sea to Skerries (Port Rush), the lord deputy caused to be drawn thither (being two miles from Dunluce) by force of men, wherein he spared not the labour of his own servants; and when small shot played so thick out of the fort that the common soldiers began to shrink in planting the artillery, the lord deputy caused his own men to fill the gabions with earth, and made good his ground, until the ordnance was planted, and the trenches made. This being done, the lord deputy himself gave fire to the first piece of ordnance, which did no great hurt; but, shortly after, the pile beginning to shake, they sent to the lord deputy to be received into mercy, and obtained leave to depart, in order to save the expense of battering the place and rebuilding it again, it being a place of great importance in those parts.

Shortly after this siege, the castle was again lost to the English by the treachery of its governor. Upon the surrender of Dunluce, the lord deputy appointed a pensioner, named Peter Carey, to be constable, with a ward of fourteen soldiers, believing Carey to be an Englishman; but it was afterwards discovered that he was one of the Carews of the north. The constable confiding in his own countrymen, gradually discharged the

* Also in the Antrim survey, and in the notes to Drummond's poem of the Giant's Causeway.

English soldiers, and supplied their places with Irish. Two of these, having conferred with the enemy, drew up fifty of them at night with ropes made of withies, and, having surprised the castle, assaulted the tower wherein the constable lay; and at first offered him his life and permission to depart, but he chose rather to pay the price of his own treachery, in admitting the Irish to his confidence, and was slain bravely fighting in the midst of them.

After this piece of treachery, the lord deputy despatched Merryman to reduce Sorley Boy to obedience, who, having slain Alexander, Sorley Boy's son, and sent his head to the lord deputy, then at Drogheda, who caused it to be set on a pole, and placed over the castle-gate, so harassed the aged warrior, that he submitted to the conditions offered him, and swore allegiance to the queen in the Cathedral of Dublin.

In 1642, Dunluce Castle was the scene of another act of treachery of as black a character. In the month of April in that year, General Munroe made a visit to the Earl of Antrim, at this castle, and was received with many expressions of joy, and honoured with splendid entertainments; and, further, the Earl offered him assistance of men and money, to reduce the country to tranquillity. But this despicable Puritan when these feasts were over, seized on the Earl's person, took possession of his castle, and put the other castles of his lordship into the hands of the Marquis of Argyll's men. Munroe conveyed the Earl to Carrick-Fergus, and imprisoned him in the castle; but from this he very soon effected his escape, and withdrew to England.

THE INDIAN STUDENT: OR, FORCE OF NATURE.

FROM SUSQUEHANNA'S farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
(His blanket tied with yellow strings),
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
Express'd his wish with visage sad—
"Ah, why (he cried) in Satan's waste,
Ah, why detain so fine a lad?"

In white man's land there stands a town,
Where learning may be purchased low—
Exchange his blanket for a gown,
And let the lad to college go."

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,
To Cambridge Hall, o'er wastes of snow,
They sent the copper-colour'd boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermilion dyed,
Himself did from a turkey win;

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the muses—twice a week.

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As while he writ, as while he read,
As while he cou'd their grammar rules—
(An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promised to the schools.)

Some thought he would in law excel;
Some said in physic he would shine;
And one that knew him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he walk'd, he run.

No mystic wonders fired his mind;
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

"And why," he cried, "did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls;
The silver stream, the limpid lake,
For rusty books, and college halls.

"A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honour give me more?
Or, will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?"

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
And heaven's sublimest mansions see—
I only bow to Nature's God—
The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
Do planets in their orbits fly,
And is the earth indeed a sphere?"

"Let planets still their course pursue,
And comets to the centre run—
In him my faithful friend I view,
The image of my God—the sun.

"Where nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fix'd, and I must go
To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharged, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings.)
The shepherd of the forest went.

PHILIP FRENEAU—*New Jersey.*

THE ROMAN DRAMA.

(To the Editor.)

YOUR interesting Miscellany, at all times a source of literary gratification, is never more so to me than when it throws additional light upon the manners and customs of antiquity, and dissipates the obscurity in which some portions of the writings of classical authors are involved. In the perusal of certain of your late Numbers, I was much interested by the remarks of a Correspondent or two upon a few particulars connected with that fruitful field of learned inquiry and critical dispute, the Roman Drama; and have since been induced to collect a few facts bearing upon the same subject, which perhaps may be no less interesting to the curious reader.

It is worthy of notice, that the turbulent

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citizens of Rome—as also their Grecian precursors—like the capricious multitude of our times, both claimed and exercised the privilege of audibly expressing the sentiments entertained towards their superiors in the commonwealth, whosoever and wheresoever they pleased: as well in the theatre and other places of amusement, as in the Campus Martius, the Forum, or other scenes of popular concourse. Those dignitaries who were beloved by the majority, were, on their entrance, saluted with plaudits and acclamations; whilst those were greeted with hisses, and other tokens of disapprobation, who were disagreeable to the popular taste. Horace (Ode xx. l. 1. and 17, l. 2.) refers to the congratulatory plaudits bestowed in the theatre upon Mæcenas; and Cicero frequently alludes to these ebullitions of feeling, both favourable and unfavourable. "Plausus maximi," writes he to Atticus (l. 2. 18.), marked the reception of one; whilst another was persecuted, "clamoribus et conviciis, et sibilis." In another passage (Epist. Fam. viii. 2.) he describes these overflows of displeasure as "strepitus, fremitus, clamor tonitruum, et ruduntum sibilis." To one of his antagonists (in Pis. 37.) he tauntingly proposes, "Da te populo committe ludis. Sibiham metuis?" It has been plausibly conjectured that the miserly citizen of Athens, in Hor. Sat. i. l. 66., quoted by your Correspondent "George," was consoling himself for indignities received in the public theatre.

Very frequently the plebeian audience, and even some of the higher classes, indecorously interrupted the progress of the dramatic performances, when impatient to gratify their vulgar taste by more attractive spectacles.—(Vide Hor. Epist. ii. l. 185. and Ter. Prol. Hec.) Indeed, the Roman comedians, in their prologues, are repeatedly soliciting the attention of the audience, and entreating for uninterrupted silence.

The practice of determining the fate of the vanquished gladiator in the arena, by the conventional position of the thumb, is too well authenticated to admit of a doubt; but I am not aware of any authority that warrants our inferring that the same signals were employed at dramatic representations. The phrase of Horace, (Epist. i. l. 18. 66.) even if literally rendered, only extends the custom to the exhibition of naval contests, fought by captives and criminals in the Neumachia, which, though merely designated mock battles, were wont to prove as sanguinary as the gladiatorial shows.—(Tac. Ann. xii. 56.) But, even if we allow that it was customary to signify satisfaction at the exertions of stage-actors by the commendatory compression of the thumbs, implied by the words "pollicem premere," we must contend, that this silent telegraphic intimation did not preclude the possibility of more boisterous and less equi-

vocal indications of approval. Throughout the whole of the graphic description of the games, in the 5th *Æneid*, where Virgil is considered as giving a picture of the sports of the circus, as witnessed in his own day, there is continually recurrence to the mention of the vociferous encouragements and inspiring plaudits of the bystanders; and even in the presence of the gentle Dido, at the close of a musical entertainment provided at the banquet, the poet declares—

"Ingeminaut plausum Tyrri, Troesque sequitur."
Æn. l. 747.

It may not be inappropriate to observe that the word "*plaudo*" is used in the *Æneid* vi. 644, as expressive of the motion of the feet in dancing; and also (*Æn.* v. 516.) is applied to the violent concussion of a dove's wings, in her ineffectual attempts to disengage herself from thralldom by flight.

Horace, in *Epist.* ii. 2. 130, in speaking of some insane individual, describes him as

"In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatra,"

Martial (*v.* 10. 9.) has—

"Rara coronato plausere theatra Menandro."

"*Plaudite*" formed the usual epilogue to all the Roman comedies—(vide *Ter. &c.*); and from a passage in Tacitus (*i.* 16.) we learn that the stratagem employed by modern playwrights of securing a certain portion of applause from hired favourers and clappers, and the opposite trick of procuring the condemnation of an envied production by mercenary sibilants, are merely the stale revivals of an ancient artifice.

Phædrus (*Fab.* v. 7.) gives a pleasant account of the ludicrous mistake made by a certain musician, named "*Princeps*," in misapplying to himself the plaudits intended for imperial Cæsar—in grateful acknowledgement of which, he is represented, like some of our modern public singers, as gracefully flinging back sweet kisses, and finally protesting himself before his flattering audience, in humble expectation of more substantial marks of favour.

I consider the verb "*concurro*," in *Hor. Epist.* II. 1. 205, may with as much propriety be applied to the forcible percussion of the hands in clapping, as to the mere joining and interweaving of the fingers, and accompanying compression of the thumbs, since an inflection of the same word is employed to give an idea of the charging of two hostile armies, amidst the collision of combatants and the clash of arms.

Horace, (*Sat.* i. 10. 77.) adduces an instance of the demonstration of two opposite opinions by two parties in the theatre at one time, concerning the merits of one *Arbuscula*, whom Cicero also mentions as a celebrated actress—(*ad. Att.* iv. 14.)

But, to come to the fact, respecting which there has arisen some diversity of opinion

between one or two of your ingenious Correspondents: viz.—whether the Roman commonalty, for whose gratification plays were principally provided, marked their sense of disapprobation against the performers on the stage by the forcible and partially-obstructed expulsion of the breath, denominated *hissing*, or not—whether they combined the audible with the visible, and blended the vocal with the more instrumental manifestation of indignant disapprobation—is decided in the affirmative, without the "shadow of a shade of a doubt," by this assertion of Cicero's (*Par.* iii. 2.)—"Histrio, si paulum se movit extra numerum, aut si versus pronuntiatus est syllabâ unâ brevior aut longior, *exsibilatur*, et exploditur."

If I may be allowed to subjoin a few remarks on the *antiquity* of hissing, as a mode of expressing contempt, insult, scorn, ridicule, triumphant exultation, or indignant detestation, I beg to refer the reader to those passages of Scripture found in Jeremiah, c. xviii. v. 16., c. xlix. v. 17., c. l. v. 13.—1 Kings, c. ix. v. 8.—Sam. c. ii. v. 15. 16.—Micah, c. vi. v. 16.—Job, c. xxxvii. v. 23.—Zeph., c. ii. v. xv.

In some other portions of Holy Writ, this word occurs in another sense: see Isaiah, c. v. v. 26., c. vii. v. 18.—Zach. c. x. v. 8.: where to call with hissing is by Calmet considered as figurative of power and authority; he also mentions, on the statement of some of the ancient fathers, that in Syria and Palestine it was the practice of those who had the management of bees, to lead them into the fields, and bring them back to their hives, by the notes of a pipe* and the sound of hissing.

Barton Academy.

W. L. BEYNON.

A WHALING SONG.

WHEN spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest, native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our coast away,
With eager minds and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

* Whence the modern custom of ringing bells, "with a key and shovel."—Ed.

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When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find,
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns;
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault design'd;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw;
She sinks her monstrous body down,
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound;
Thick foams the whiten'd sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her redd'ning breath;
She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay,

While all with eager haste apply,
To save our deathful prey.

JOHN OSBORN—Connecticut.

The Sketch Book.

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

It was a dark, wintry night—the wind blew in fitful gusts through the trees, while ever and anon the sharp lightning threw a fearful and momentary light over the mournful scene, which was heightened by the dismal patterings of the rain-drops, which fell fast and heavily upon the now deserted streets of Gottingen. The cathedral clock had gloomily tolled forth the hour of eleven, when Frederick von Rapsburg sallied out from an old-fashioned house, in which he and several of his reckless companions had been indulging in their festive cups. It was with feelings of no pleasant cast, that he surveyed the gloomy path through which he had to pass to gain his wished-for lodgings;—his spirits gradually gave way under the deadening influence of the storm, and by the time that he had arrived at the churchyard, which it was necessary he

should cross, a feeling much like fear took possession of him. He, however, made the best of his way among the tombs, which the sudden flashes of lightning invested with a lurid, ghost-like appearance, when he fancied he saw a shadowy form rise at a distance, and that amidst the howling of the blast, he thrice heard his name repeated by a voice in accents which made his knees knock together, and his whole frame tremble. At length he reached his lodgings; the key grated harshly in the stubborn lock, which at last yielded, and he obtained admittance into the dark passage; no light appeared to dispel the gloom, and with a heavy heart he ascended the stairs, and threw himself upon his bed. At length he was visited by sleep, but not even then could he obtain his much-desired repose: ghastly images crowded upon him in quick succession—horrid visions met his appalled imagination—and, half dead with fear, he heard a sepulchral voice call upon his name. The chains of sleep instantly were broken, and to his horror and dismay he beheld the curtains of his bed slowly drawn aside, and discovered a tall, gaunt form, clothed in shining white, which seemed to beckon him to follow. Half unconscious what he was doing, he sprung from his bed, huddled on his clothes, and prepared to obey his supernatural visitor. Bolts, bars, and locks, every thing seemed to offer no opposition to his guide, who led the way, followed by the miserable Frederick, straight towards the churchyard. He then distinctly heard his name echoing throughout the fretted aisles of the cathedral; a supernatural light burst forth from the altar, while every grave opened, and exposed its mouldering tenant. Every disgusting emblem of mortality seemed to throng about him, while his conductor solemnly stalked towards the door of the charnel-house—which, following the example of the other doors, burst open with a loud clang. The skeletons began to gibber and chatter, shaking their ghastly skulls in mockery of their horrified visiter, when at length, for the first time, his spiritual guide broke forth, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed—"Rash, impious mortal, who hast dared to disobey the summons of the dead. Thrice wert thou called to night in thy passage home, and thrice thou tookest no heed of the command. Now, expect the punishment of thy neglect!" So saying, he beckoned to two loathsome corpses, which were suddenly re-endued with life, and seized upon the almost expiring student,—at the same time a large gulf opened under his feet, disclosing an awful abyss, while columns of fire seemed to wreathe and revel, as if in anticipation of their destined victim. His terrible executioners held him over the gulf—he fell!—but his fall became suddenly softened: he seemed, as it were, to burst

from a trance, and found himself in utter darkness. Suddenly, a few rays of the watery moon burst forth from an opposite casement. Can it be?—is it? Yes, it is—it is his bed! Can he only have been dreaming? It must have been so!—and his frightful fall has been only from his bed!—A CORRESPONDENT.

Antiquariana.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

(Concluded from page 104.)

THE succeeding subject is the death of Edward. He is lying upon a bed, and his wife Editha weeping by his side. Beneath he is represented dead, and laid out. The funeral procession to Westminster Abbey follows immediately after his decease; and chronicles tell us that he was interred the next day. Edward the Confessor had rebuilt the Abbey. It is singular that a figure is portrayed placing a weathercock upon the spire of the church. It has been conjectured, that this is designed as an indication that the building was but just finished, the weathercock being the last necessary appendage. A hand from heaven is pointing towards the Abbey, as if marking it for consecration.*

The next subject is the crown being offered to Harold by the people. Above are the words, "*Hic dederunt Haroldo coronam Regis.*" From the word *dederunt* being used in the Norman record, we are induced to believe that the crown was given to Harold, and not seized by him. The tapestry marking the circumstance in these words, appears a strong confirmation of its truth.

Harold next appears seated upon his throne. Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, is standing by his side. The subject that follows is the appearance of a comet, at which the people are gazing with astonishment, as an ominous sign of bloodshed threatening to overwhelm their country. Harold is then seen upon the throne, addressing his conversation to a person who is standing by his side. In the border beneath are several boats. The inscription above is simply the word "*Harold.*" As there is no explanation given to define this subject, it is not improbable that it relates to the embarkation of the forces of Harald Hadrada, the king of Norway, and Tostig, the brother of Harold, who had joined in the Norwegian expedition against England. The figure speaking to Harold, may probably be intended as a messenger bringing him intelligence. The boats, in the border beneath, are, perhaps, a figurative emblem of the preparation for this naval expedition. I am induced to make these conjectures, from the probability that the subject thus hieroglyphically expressed, related to some event of importance to Harold.

* The church of St. Peter, Westminster, was consecrated but a few days before the death of Edward the Confessor.

The victory he achieved over the Norwegian king and his brother Tostig, was distinguished by the gallant and brave conduct of the Saxon prince; and it is more likely the tapestry should in some manner notice so memorable an event, as the final overthrow of Hadrada occurred but three days before the landing of William. It may also be remarked, that unless this subject is thus understood, it remains totally obscure and undefined. The battle took place near York. Without leisure for repose, that part of the army of Harold that survived the engagement, marched immediately towards Hastings.

The next subject the tapestry presents, is a ship bringing to William the news of Harold's having assumed the English crown. William and his brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, appear consulting together, and giving orders that ships should be built for the purposed invasion of England. Accordingly, several persons are employed in cutting down trees; carpenters are constructing vessels; and others draw them into the sea. The embarkation of the Normans, forms the succeeding subject; they carry with them on board the ships, wine, arms, and provisions. William then passes the sea, and arrives in Pevensey bay. At the head of the Conqueror's vessel is the figure of a boy, which history records to have been the distinguishing mark of his ship. A lantern is fixed to the mast,—the known signal of William's vessel in the night, around which the fleet was directed to anchor. The troops and horses next appear disembarking; they proceed to Hastings, where they seize provisions. A figure bearing a pennon at the end of his lance, is simply distinguished by the words "*Hic est Wadard.*"† The Normans are busied in cooking meats, and regaling themselves at Hastings. The soldiers dine upon their shields. Odo bestows his benediction upon some viands on a table. The manner in which the fowls are brought to the board is certainly of a singular fashion; for they are presented to the guests by the attendants upon small spits, and it seems probable that each person helped himself to a portion as they were handed round. In the print, published by Montfaucon, this circumstance, from incorrect delineation, is unintelligible. Odo and William, with their brother Robert, give orders that the army should encamp at Hastings. The news is then brought to William that Harold is advancing to oppose the Normans. A house on fire, from which a woman and child are escaping, forms the next subject.

The soldiers of William leave Hastings to meet Harold in the field, and the Duke now first appears in armour for the battle, and comes forth to meet his opponent. Odo is

† This Wadard had afterwards lands assigned him in Kent. See Domesday, fol. 6.

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armed likewise in mail; the bishop bears a mace, as the weapon he is to use in the fray; for ecclesiastics sought, in those days, to evade the admonition of the Scriptures against using a sword, or shedding man's blood in battle. William is seen interrogating Vital, an individual of his army, concerning the state of Harold's defence. Harold also is receiving information relative to his enemies' forces. William then addresses his soldiers to inspire them with boldness, and confidence in their meditated attack upon the Saxon troops. The Normans are on horseback, the Saxons on foot; the shields of the latter are generally distinguished by being round, with a boss in the centre. The battle now ensues; Lewine and Gyrth, the brothers of Harold are slain. The action appears obstinately contested on both sides, and many of either party killed. Some detachments of the Saxon army are next seen intrenched, hurling their javelins at their advancing foes.

The Saxons had formed themselves upon a rising ground; the Normans aimed their weapons with destructive effect; but their opponents, undismayed, supported their position with the greatest valour, and repelled every onset. The allies of William, and many of his own troops, disheartened by their fruitless attack, began to give way; and a report prevailed that the Norman duke was slain. These circumstance conjoined, were nearly fatal to the invader: his forces seemed upon the point of flying. William, ever active in the field, saw the panic that threatened a fatal issue to his hopes; he rushed amongst the flying troops, menacing, and even striking several with his lance; and taking off his helmet, the better to assure them he still existed, vowed that with God's help he would that day conquer his foes. By this conduct, the Duke at length succeeded in rallying the fugitives, and once more led them to the onset; a general slaughter ensued, but the main body of the Saxons was unbroken. William, fearing a renewal of the panic that had so recently threatened destruction, and seeing no probable means to break the phalanx of the Saxon troops, determined upon hazarding a stratagem. He commanded that a precipitate attack should be made, and followed by a feigned retreat, hoping that the Saxons would fall into the snare and pursue the Normans. The firm body of his enemies then being broken by the ardour of pursuit, he directed his party to turn upon them, and, if possible, to surround them on all sides. This manœuvre succeeded: the Saxons were deceived, but it proved nearly fatal to William; for, in the heat of the design, when feigning a retreat, they came unexpectedly upon an excavation in the ground, which threw the Normans into such confusion and disorder, that with the utmost peril and difficulty they again

rallied, and several perished from the disaster. William perceiving their danger, came up with the main body, and cut off the retreat of the pursuers, who vainly attempted to regain the elevation they had abandoned. This was a critical moment for the fortunes of the undaunted Harold. Had the Saxons regained the hill, or their chief survived the conflict, there is little probability William could have achieved more than an uncertain footing in a land, from which he would have been eventually driven, or where he else might have found a grave. But Harold, who united the enthusiasm of determined valour, with the necessary skill and judgment of command, received a fatal arrow in his eye, before the victory was decided; he fell with many a brave adherent. When Harold was slain and fallen to the ground, some base hand plunged a spear into his thigh. History relates, that William afterwards disgraced the man who did it, for having been guilty of so cowardly an act. The Saxon troops, certain of their leader's fate, now felt that panic which had before assailed the Norman party. William seized the moment favourable for success, and rushed down upon them with a furious onset; once more they rallied, exasperated by Harold's death, and made a determined stand. But the fortune of William prevailed, amidst the slaughter of his troops and the flower of his nobility; he gained the triumph of a bloody and dear-bought field.

The tapestry agrees entirely with these historical relations; Odo is seen encouraging the troops, who are disheartened by a report of William's being slain. The strong position occupied by the Saxons on the rising ground, is likewise expressed, the Normans appear attacking them, and are repulsed, their cavalry and men being thrown into the greatest confusion. William also is seen taking off his helmet, as an assurance of his still existing. Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, (who is by the Duke's side,) bears a flag, which, from its remarkable form, is conjectured to be the Norman standard, probably that of the Duke. The engagement between both armies ensues; the followers of Harold are slain; Harold is represented receiving the arrow in his eye, he falls to the ground; a soldier pierces him in the thigh with a sword. In the border of this part, several troops are employed in stripping the dead. The Normans have many archers on their side, and some who throw the javelin. The Saxons are lastly seen flying before their victorious foes. Here the tapestry ends, for the rest is torn off, or more probably destroyed by time.

[Mrs. C. Stothard, from whose Tour this description is quoted, notices among the events exclusively recorded in the tapestry, the taking of Dinant, and the war between

the Duke of Normandy and Conan, Earl of Bretagne. "Whoever wrought the work, appears to have rendered justice to the character of Harold; for the important services he afforded William during the war in Brittany are not noticed by any other existing history."

"It is fortunate that this curious memorial escaped destruction during the Revolution. Its surrender at that period was demanded for the purpose of covering the guns; a priest, however, succeeded in concealing and preserving it from destruction." It should not be omitted, that when Napoleon projected the invasion of England, he caused the Bayeux tapestry—a memorial of England's early conquest—to be brought to Paris, where it was exhibited to the people. Few of the great men of history have understood this species of stratagem, and its workings, so deeply as did the late Emperor of the French. In this case, his reference to past success had no effect upon future enterprise; and all hopes of a second conquest of England, in tapestry, were blighted in the bud.*

The annexed illustration has no other merit than that of being a faithful transcript. The figure it represents is that of a knight with a private banner, issuing to mount a led horse. His beardless countenance denotes him a Norman; and the mail

covering to his legs equally proves him to be one of the most distinguished characters.

New Books.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE FOR 1834.

If this volume be a faithful digest of the "Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts," of the past year, it must abound with valuable information; for the scientific industry and stirring enterprise of the period are unprecedented within our experience. Our contemporaries have said so much in recommendation of the former volumes of this work, that were self-praise of any worth, it would be unnecessary in this case. We shall, therefore, be content with quoting our own preface:—

In the *Mechanical* division will be found many valuable improvements in Steam Navigation, and notices of the year's progress in the application of Steam Carriages on common roads; Mr. Saxton's Railway with Differential Pulleys, described and illustrated; an outline of Ericsson's Caloric Engine; and the Railways in progress and projected in England: the Economy of Biscuit-baking Machinery; an important paper by Mr. Gallo-way, on the Steam Expansion principle, and the Cornish Engines; Glass Balance-springs for Chronometers described; Rutter's New Heat Process; a suggested Improvement in Barker's Mill; the power of American Steam Boats; Bate's improved Medal-ruling process; and an Abridgement of the recent Survey of Blackfriars' Bridge.

To these is added a selection from the Patents sealed during the year, in which main assistance has been derived from that respectable journal, *The Repertory of Patent Inventions*.

In *Chemical Science* are the new phenomena of Electro-Magnetism; patent processes for Gas-lighting; Dr. Davy's valuable paper on Phosphorus; a contribution to entertaining science, by Professor Faraday, on Holding the Breath for a lengthened period; the details of a Prepared Charcoal Filter; Glass Syphons for Corrosive Fluids, and Professor Daniell's New Oxhydrogen Jet; an examination of the nature and properties of Meteoric Iron; Professor Hare's improved apparatus for the Evolution of Boron; Analyses of the Rio Vinagre, of Opium, Carmine, Camphor, and certain volatile Oils; some newly-observed properties of Colour; and Sir Henry Hallford's curious researches on the Poisons of the Ancients.

In *General Science* will be found a condensed report of the year's Meeting of the British Association, at Cambridge; Professor Babbage's projected Constants of Nature and Art, a proposition worthy of the reader's most attentive perusal; and a paper



(Norman Knight; from the Bayeux Tapestry.)

* To H. M. The Society of Antiquaries published in their Transactions, about fourteen years since, engravings from the whole of this exceedingly interesting historical record, one-fourth the size of the original. (We shall be happy to see specimens of H. M.'s drawings.)

of suggestions of practical utility on Scientific Education, by Professor Ritchie.

The *Natural-historical* departments include not a few entire papers and abstracts of popular interest. In *Zoology* is an invaluable contribution to Ornithology, in a paper on the economy of Northern Birds, by Frederic Faber; an investigation of the opinions on the alleged Circulation in Insects, by Professor Kennie; some welcome facts in the natural history of the Nightingale; Professor Baer's new view of the Formation of Pearls; a paper by Tiedmann, on the Reproduction of Nerves; Dr. Knox's Natural History of the Salmon; Professor Wagner's laborious efforts to ascertain the Numerical Relations of Animals, and a paper of kindred interest by a distinguished English Naturalist, on the probable Number of Species of Insects; Illustrations of some Zoological rarities, as the Sigalion Boa, *Squilla Desmarestii*, *Sabella Amœna*, &c.; the habits of the Tarentula; Humboldt, on the Light of the Sea; Professor Buckland, on the Anatomy of the Sloth; M. Fleureus's new view of the process of Rumination; and further Observations on the Black Pulp Leech; with about ten pages of Notes from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society during the year; including notices of New Mammalia and Birds, and Additions to the Menagerie and Museum.

In *Botany* are illustrated Notes from Professor Lindley's Lecture on Mildew; Biots' Researches on the Inflammation of *Fraxinella*; and Dutrochet's New Observations on the Directions of Stems and Roots.

In *Geology* is a digest of Boussingault's paper on the Hot Springs of the Andes; Sir David Brewster's Researches on the Origin of the Diamond; and Mr. Hutton's valuable Observations on Coal. The *Fossil Organic Remains* include the *Plesiosaurus* at Bedford; Coal and Fruits at Billesden Coplow;

a Lily Ecrinite in the limestone of Cork; and a retrospect of the splendid discoveries of the year 1832.

Among the *Astronomical* and *Meteorological* abstracts are Arago's Observations on the Moon; a remarkable Deposition of Ice, illustrated by Sir John Herschel; Dr. Prout, on the weight of the Atmosphere during Cholera; an outline of Captain Ross' Discovery of the North Magnetic Pole; and the Meteorological Summary of the year, again obligingly furnished by Dr. Armstrong.

The contributions to *Rural Economy*, *Gardening*, and *Miscellaneous Arts*, are recommended by novelty and usefulness, and illustrate improvements in these branches of social improvement, upon scientific principles.

The Naturalist.

THE PEZZAN RAM.

THIS curious species is believed to have been only before figured in the *Magazine of Natural History*, 1832, whence this cut has been copied. The ram which it represents was imported by Mr. George Davis into New York, in the year 1810, on his return from Tripoli, where he had been consul for the United States. The ram was tall, and his long legs were covered with short hair; he had two spiral horns, which were small for a male of his size. His front had a noble aquiline curve; there was a considerable tuft of his coating below his throat, and near his breast, with fawn-coloured and dark spots about his face and ears. The tail was slender, reached below the heel, and was covered with short hair, like the legs. The covering of the body was white hair, beneath which appeared, as you opened it, a fine portion of wool, or fur. The ears were pendulous; there was a groove, or furrow, in an oblique direc-



(Pezzan Ram.)

tion, down the nose, from the inner angle of the eye. These are marks belonging to the adiman, or sheep of Africa and India, which Buffon describes as being "a large race, with coarse hair, short horns, hanging ears, and a sort of dewlap and pendants under the neck." The late R. R. Livingston, to whom Dr. Mitchell addressed the foregoing description, thought the animal was certainly "the adiman," or ram of Angola, described by Valmont Bomare." The newspaper account stated, that around his eyes, for about half an inch in breadth, the hair was black, and about the half of his ears, towards the ends, was also black; and further, that "there is an annual present of these rams made to the bashaw of Tripoli, by Fezzan; no females are ever permitted to be sent away; and from the length of the journey across the desert, but few males of those that are sent survive. No yolk (unctuous matter, which exudes through the skin, and renders the wool soft) was secreted from the body."

This singular animal died at New York, in the year 1813.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTE.

THE first authentic traces of Buonaparte's political doctrines are to be found in a pamphlet published by him in 1790, when he was twenty-one years of age. It is a letter to one of his countrymen, a deputy from the noblesse of Corsica to the Constituent Assembly, the conduct of which he blames. The following is a remarkable passage:—"M. Paoli fancied himself a Solon, but he badly copied his original. He placed everything in the hands of the people and their representatives, so there was no existing but by pleasing them. Strange error! which submits to a brute, to a mercenary, the man who, by his education, the lustre of his birth, his fortune, is alone made to govern! In the end, so palpable a perversion of reason cannot fail to cause the ruin and the dissolution of the body politic, after having tormented it with every kind of evils."

At the commencement of the Revolution, Buonaparte was a lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. It is said that he was undecided for some time which party to join. "If I had been a general," he used to say to his friends, "I should have joined the Royalist party; but as a Lieutenant, I resolved to join that of the Revolution." M. Salgues, in relating this fact, added, "that, as a general, he would have defended the rank he enjoyed, but, as a Lieutenant, he was ambitious of gaining that which he did not possess."

During the time of the consulship in France, Buonaparte, who could be a humourist, thus jocosely hit off the three consuls:—"If you are careless of a dinner," said he, "go dine with Le Brun.—If you desire a good one, Cambacérés is your man:—and if you are quick at your meals, then take your dinner with me." Le Brun was a niggard,—Cambacérés loved jollification,—and what Buonaparte was, all the world knows.

Amongst the private instructions to me by Buonaparte, (says M. de Bourrienne,) was the following rather singular order:—"At night," said he, "you will enter my bed-chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce; with good news there is no necessity to hurry. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly; for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost."

Napoleon, in forming the courts of the Tuileries and Malmaison, was eager to establish his manual of etiquette from the experience of the old countesses of the Faubourg of St. Germain. He surrounded Josephine with Montmorencys, and Rochefoucaults, and Narbonnes, less from personal reverence for their feudal legitimacy, than because he knew them to have been trained to courtly breeding from their emblazoned cradles; so that they were not likely to commit themselves by being hungry or thirsty, vivacious or fatigued, glad or sorry.

After the victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon showered favours on his aide-de camp, General Narbonne. He hoped by this means to ingratiate himself in the opinion of the general's mother, who was one of the oldest and most obstinate aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain. "Well, General," said he to his aide-de-camp, "does your mother love me at last?" M. de Narbonne was embarrassed, and at a loss for an answer; upon which M. de Talleyrand, stepping forward, said, "Sire, Madame de Narbonne has not yet got beyond admiration."

Shortly after Buonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, he, half playfully, half seriously, held out his hand for her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and, presenting her own, in the presence of his suite, said, "It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." We observed, (says Lady Morgan,) on visiting this illustrious lady, pictures of all her handsome children in the room she occupied (and where we generally found her spinning, with her prayer-book beside her); there were four of them

kings when they sat for her, with the emperor, their brother, at their head; namely, the kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples (her son-in-law, Murat). "You see," she said one day, as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, "when my son Napoleon sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown."

A few days subsequent to the birth of the young king of Rome, a widow lady, whose only son was drawn by the conscription, presented herself at the Tuileries, stating that she had a petition, and must be admitted; when, in spite of all opposition, her demands became so loud, reiterated, and urgent, that Napoleon, hearing the distant altercation, demanded the cause, which having learned, he forthwith ordered that the applicant should be ushered into his presence, who, upon beholding the emperor, (falling upon her knee,) requested that she might be conducted to the young king of Rome, to whom her petition was addressed. Napoleon, somewhat astonished at the singularity of this request, took the paper, which upon perusal was found to contain a prayer that her son might be exempted from the effects of the conscription laws; when the emperor, graciously smiling, approached the cradle of his son, and, reclining over the infant, read in a low voice the contents of the petition, after which, pausing awhile, he turned his ear to the cradle as if in expectation of a reply, and then, advancing towards the applicant, "Madame," said Napoleon, "I have read your petition, and, as there is no answer, silence of course implies consent." It is needless to add that the youth was, in consequence, exempted from service, while the fond mother had to exult in the fortunate termination of her lucky expedient.

The following account of a fruitless attempt of Napoleon to establish a reconciliation between himself and his brother Lucien, is given in Madame Junot's memoirs:—"Napoleon and Lucien met at Mantua; and the emperor, unfolding a map of Europe, desired his brother to choose any kingdom he pleased, and that he would engage, on the honour of a brother, to secure the same to him. Lucien told his brother plainly, that his principles were not changed, and that what he was in the curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, that he was at the moment in which he stood beside the Emperor of France. 'I do not sell myself,' said Lucien, with enthusiasm. 'Hear me, my brother, listen to me, for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected;

not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You, yourself, cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant who, for a few soft words, would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is, after all, but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members.' The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction. 'Why, then, come to me?' said he, at last, angrily, 'for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! republic! you are no more thinking of that than I am; and, besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute;' and, shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously. 'And why not,' said Lucien, 'if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it.' Napoleon became angry, and asked Lucien why he came to meet him, and precipitately said, 'You ought to obey me as a father, the head of your family, and by Heaven you shall do as I please.' But Lucien calmly told him that he was no subject of Napoleon's, and would never bow his head to the iron yoke of such a man. After a long and dubious silence, the Emperor summoned sufficient calmness to say, 'You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe, at least, if not your own. Good by, and good night to you, my brother.' Lucien grasped the hand of his brother and exclaimed, 'Good by, and good night to you, my brother. Adieu!' 'Till to-morrow,' exclaimed Napoleon; but Lucien shook his head, fled the room, and, entering his carriage, ordered his postilion to get out of Mantua as speedily as possible. The brothers did not meet afterwards until Napoleon encountered adversity. It is well known that Lucien never forgave Napoleon for destroying the republic. He addressed him once, it appears, in the following manner:—"You are determined to destroy the republic!" exclaimed the enraged Lucien; well, assassinate her, then;—mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts. This empire, which you are erecting by force and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed, thus!"—and seizing a screen from the mantel-piece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage; then, as if still more

distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating, 'Yes—crushed, ground to powder—thus.'"
—W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

HINTS ON HAWKING.

[We quote the following from the *Metro-politan*, relating to the practical part of the science of falconry—in the taming and exercising of the birds.]

First of all, of the most valuable species of falcons for this sport. It is to be remembered, that the females of the whole genus *Falco* are much larger, stronger, and bolder, than the males, (which last are distinguished by diminutive names, as *tiercels*, or *tiercelets*, *ferkins*, *jacks*, &c.) and consequently to be preferred in most instances.

No doubt, with care and patience, the whole genus *Falco* might be rendered subservient to the chase; but it is usually divided into two classes, viz. noble birds of prey, comprehending those used in falconry, and ignoble, or those of a larger size, which are not easily tamed, as the eagle, the vulture, &c.

With the exception of the gos-hawk and the sparrow-hawk, which are called short-winged, or hawks of the fist, all others are long-winged, or hawks of the lure. When the Icclander can be procured, he is much esteemed from his being the largest and most tractable of the species used in hawking. Next in value, perhaps, is the gyrfalcon, from the north of Europe: this is the kind mentioned in the romance of Sir Tristrem—

"Ther com a ship of Norway,
With hawkes white and grey—"

to which the following note is added from Olaus Magnus. "The northern mountains (in Norway) bred falcons very fierce, but generous and white ones that are never shot at with bows by the inhabitants, but are held as sacred, unless they do too much hurt and rapine. But if they do mischief, how white and noble soever they be, they shall not escape their arrows." This may account for their specific name of *Hierofalco*. The other kind generally used is the slight falcon (*falco gentilis*). There is a little difference in the manner of training these two species, which will be noticed hereafter, and also in the manner of flying them. The gos-hawk flies at his game direct from the fist, and kills it by strength and force of wing; while the slight falcon, after hovering or waiting on in the air for a time, stoops upon his prey, seizing it with his talons, and breaking the neck-bone with his beak. Hawks are called by different names, according to the season and place in which they are taken; those

taken in the eyrie, or nest, are called *eyecases*, or *nyesses*; those which had left the nest, and were fed in some place near by the old ones, *branchers*; those which had begun to prey for themselves, *soar hawks*; those which have changed their feathers once or more, *mewed hawks*; and those which have lived in the woods, and been their own masters, *haggards*. There are also technical terms for every member, and every motion of the hawk, like most of our sporting terms derived from the French. It will be necessary for the young falconer to be acquainted with a few of the principal ones, which I will here insert. The legs are called *arms*, the wings *sails*, the tail *the train*; before the hawk is fledged, she is said to be *unsummed*, when fledged to be *summed*; the game she flies at is called the *quarry*; when she seizes her prey, she is said to *bind*; when, after seizing, she pulls off the feathers, she is said to *plume*; when, being in the air, she descends to strike her prey, it is called *stooping*; when she ranges too wide, she is said to *rake*; the dead game killed by the hawk is called the *pelt*; when she flies away with the pelt, she is said to *carry*; taming a hawk is called *reclaiming* her; and bringing her to bear the presence of company, is called *manning*.

With regard to her furniture, or caparison, the following account may be useful. The hood is a cap of leather, fastened with strings, so formed as to cover her eyes and to keep her in total darkness, while her mouth is left at full liberty for feeding: drawing the strings of the hood is called "unstriking the hood." The jesses are narrow stripes of thin leather, or silk, about six or seven inches in length, fastened to the legs, from whence they are never removed, and by means of a swivel are joined to the leash, or lease, which is a thong of leather, four feet long, whereby the falconer holds the bird, and which is detached from the jesses when the hawk is flown. Respecting her bells, Strutt, on the authority of "The Boke of St. Alban's," informs us, "that they should not be too heavy to impede the flight of the bird; and that they should be of equal weight, sonorous, shrill, and musical, not both of one sound, but one a semitone below the other." (The best bells are procured from Milan, and were sounded with silver.) They are buttoned on the legs by means of leather straps, called *hewits*, or *bewits*. A figure resembling a bird or animal, used in reclaiming the hawk, is termed the *lure*, and a long piece of string, used at the same time to prevent her flying away, is called a *creance*.

It is not in the nature of hawks to become attached to their keepers and masters; they cannot, therefore, be rendered tame and docile, like the dog or other domestic animals, by kindness or caresses; but the falconer

must continually bear in mind the adage, "Hunger will tame a lion," and that the only way to the hawk's heart is his belly—appetite is the only hold which the falconer has upon her disposition, and a great deal in the indulgence of this passion must be left to his own judgment, as circumstances may seem to demand. The few following rules, however, collected from the best and most approved authorities, both ancient and modern, and from my own observations in by-gone days, may be of service to those who possess the opportunity and inclination to attempt the revival of the old and honourable pastime of our forefathers.

An eyess, or hawk taken from the nest, is much easier to reclaim than a haggard, or full-grown wild one; though these latter, when once entered, prove courageous and valuable. The eyess should not be taken too early from the nest, as, in that case, her feathers will not attain their proper strength, and her legs will grow crooked and weak; but she should be removed shortly before she is summed, and placed in some sheltered situation in the open air, where she must be plentifully fed with raw beef, free from skin and fat, and occasionally mixed with raw eggs. The utmost regularity should be observed in feeding, as the want of food for a single day might produce defects in the feathers called *hunger traces*, which make them break off. The falconer should handle his young bird as little as possible, and while feeding her should whistle and talk, that she may become acquainted with his voice. After a time, the hawk will begin to fly and make short excursions from her roost; but having no knowledge of preying for herself, will always return regularly for her meals. When this is the case, she must be taken up, which can be done by placing a slip-knot round her food, and thus catching her when she returns to her meal. The hawk must now be furnished with hood, bells, and other furniture, and then fastened by a leash to a block of wood about a foot high; this constitutes her perch, and the leash should be of sufficient length to enable her to go from the perch to the ground at pleasure. After being left a little time alone, in order to recover from the fright occasioned by her new caparison, she should be placed upon the fist, and continually carried there, being frequently stroked with a piece of wood, or a feather, on the back and legs. After this, the hood may be occasionally removed, and a little food given her, when she is to be hooded again, and then presented with a few mouthfuls more; by this means she will gradually become tame and gentle, and after keeping her rather sharpest, unstrike her hood, give her a little food, then retire a few yards and entice her to your fist by holding out a piece of meat, whistling and calling to her all the time;

from this she will soon learn to come to the fist whenever she is called, in expectation of obtaining food. After being practised for some time in this way, she should be fed before company, and accustomed to the sight of dogs and horses. Her diet, at this time, should be a fowl's wing given early in the morning, and about ten o'clock the foot of a hare or rabbit, and the pinion of a fowl's wing soaked in water. Should she appear foul within, a few small feathers, called *plumage*, may be given her to make her *gleam* or throw up. After gleaming, she should have some hot meat given her towards the evening. She may now be considered as reclaimed and manned, and ready for the lure. The lure must be constructed according to the quarry at which the hawk is intended to be flown. When she is taught to fly at hares or rabbits, it is called "flying at the fur;" and when at partridges and other birds, "flying at the plume." If she be broke for flying at the plume, the lure must be composed of a piece of wood covered with red cloth, and well garnished with the wings and breast of a fowl, and with other meat. This is to be held near the hawk; when she will fly to it, gradually increase the distance till she eagerly flies at it wherever it is placed, when she should be allowed to feed off it, the falconer all the while walking round her, whistling and talking. The lure may then be swung round the head by means of a string; the hawk will fly at it; and when it falls to the ground, let her seize it and reward her. If flying at the fur be intended, a hare-skin should be used, well stuffed, and having savoury meat fastened to the head and in the eye-sockets; to this lure a long string should be tied, by which it may be dragged along the ground. The hawk will fly at the figure, and, perching on the neck, scoop the meat from the eyes, steadying herself and keeping her hold, notwithstanding the velocity with which the figure may be drawn, or otherwise she would lose her meal. This teaches the hawk to dart on the head of any animal she pursues, and, by scooping out its eyes, to prevent it from holding a straightforward course, thus enabling the hunters to come up.

When the hawk is perfect in these lessons, she may be entered in the fields; for this purpose, after being well cleansed and sharp-set, she is to be taken up the wind and let fly. If well trained she will rise high, and then *wait on*, or fly round and round the falconer. When at a little distance, and on the watch, a partridge must be thrown up; the hawk will immediately stoop to take it, and must be allowed to eat it as a reward, the falconer walking round her, whistling and talking. Should she lose the partridge in cover, she will rise, hovering directly over the spot, when another bird, tied to a long

string, should be thrown up; this the hawk should be allowed to catch and eat, as the escape of a bird at first is very apt to disgust the hawk, and to make her "hear away her bells."

The above is the method usually adopted in reclaiming the eyess; of course it will be more difficult to tame a haggard. This has sometimes been effected by placing her in a blacksmith's shop, where the constant din has had the effect of rendering her docile. When taken, the haggard should have her beak and talons cut, and a large loose hood, called a *nefter hood*, put on. She must be constantly carried and stroked, and after being hooded, must be sparingly fed. Her roosting-place must be a perch, not a block like the eyess's, the haggard having been accustomed in her wild state to roost on branches. The mode of training is nearly similar to that of the eyess. It was mentioned above, that there is a little difference between the training of the slight falcon and the gos-hawk; this arises from the latter seizing its prey from the fist, and not "waiting on" in the air, as the other species. The gos-hawk is never hooded but when travelling. She roosts on a perch like the haggard, and should be accustomed to come from the perch to the fist, being tempted by the sight of meat. When she will come from some distance, a live partridge may be given her; then another fastened to a string, and a third with its wings a little cut, so that she may easily take it. Her education may then be considered as completed.

The average quantity of food for a hawk varies from a third to half a pound of beef daily. On this subject, Sir John Sebright makes the following valuable observations, premising that hawks are to fly three days a week. "Hawks should have a slight meal on the day before flying; it should be more or less, according to the condition and behaviour of each particular bird. They should have a plentiful meal on the day they have flown; and two whole days (on which they should be moderately fed) ought to intervene between that on which they have a *gorge* and the day of flying. It is better not to fly hawks on the successive days: it may, however, be done occasionally. They should be fed in the field the moment they have done flying. Hawks, (and probably most, if not all other birds of prey,) from feeding on birds and animals with their coats on, and thus swallowing a quantity of indigestible matter relieve themselves by throwing it up in the form of castings, which are oblong balls, consisting of the hair or feathers forcibly compressed together. The condition of the hawk may be judged of by the appearance and state of cohesion of this mass; for when the bird is not in health, and the process of digestion not complete, the feathers, instead

of being simply pressed into a ball, are held together by a tenacious mucus, and mixed with particles of indigested meat. When hawks are fed solely on beef, the skin of a bird with the feathers on, or that of an animal with the fur, should be given to them twice a-week. Mice lately killed answer well for this purpose: when none of these can be procured, feather may be given with the beef as a substitute. It is to be observed, that hawks, after having taken fur or feathers with their food, will not fly until they have *cast*." Once a week the hawk should have a bath either in a stream or pan of water.

The Duke of St. Albans, hereditary grand falconer, has lately been amusing the visitors at Brighton, Cheltenham, and other watering places, with flying his hawks; and although he and his attendants looked remarkably showy, attired in their costumes of "Lincolne green," yet he did not succeed as a grand falconer ought: this may have arisen from a want of experience; let us, therefore, hope for better things another year. The salary attached to his office amounts to 982*l.* 10*s.* per annum, with an addition of 30*l.* per lunar month, making in all 1,372*l.* 10*s.*

Retrospective Cleanings.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS IN MINIATURE, OR
SEEN "IN A MIRROR."

Titus Andronicus.—This play was acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Essex, 1589. The scene lies in Rome, and the plot is borrowed, but very slightly, (says Baker,) from the Roman history of the latter empire.

Love's Labour Lost.—Acted at Black Friars and the Globe, 1591. The scene lies in the King of Navarre's palace, and the country round it.

Henry VI.—This is an historical play in three parts, which contain the whole life and reign of this prince:—1591-2.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.—This play has been looked on by some authors to have been the first that Shakespeare wrote. The scene is sometimes in Verona, and sometimes in Milan:—1593.

The Winter's Tale.—The plot of this play is borrowed from Robert Green's novel of *Dorastus and Fawnia*. The scene sometimes in Sicily and at others in Bohemia:—1594.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—The scene of this play is in Athens, and a wood not far from it. The parts of Oberon and Titania, are the groundwork of *The Fairies*; the story of Pyramus and Thisbe has been (says Baker,) performed singly under the form of an opera; and the still more comic scenes of it have been printed by themselves in quarts, under the title of *Bottom the*

Weaver, and used frequently to be acted at Bartholomew Fair and other fairs in the country, by the strolling companies:—1595.

Romeo and Juliet.—This play was performed by Lord Hunsdon's servants, 1597. The complete one, at the Globe, 1599. The story is given by Bandello in one of his novels, and also by Girolano de la Corte in his history of Verona, and founded upon a real tragedy that happened about the beginning of the fourteenth century:—1595.*

The Comedy of Errors.—This play is founded on the *Mænechimi* of Plautus:—1596.

Hamlet.—Scene Elsinour.† It is recorded (says Baker,) of the author, that although his knowledge and observation of nature rendered him the most accurate painter of the sensations of the human mind in his writings, yet so different are the talents requisite for dramatic writing, that the part of the ghost in this play (no very considerable character,) was almost the only one in which he was able to make any figure as a performer:—1604.

King John.—The plot is from the English historians:—1596.

King Richard II.—Acted at the Globe; the plot is extracted from Holinshed:—1597.

King Richard III.—This play originally took in a long series of events belonging to the reign of Richard III., and was very different from the form in which it now makes its appearance on the stage:—1597.

First part of Henry IV.—This contains the life and death of Henry, surnamed Hotspur, and the second part, the death of Henry IV. and the coronation of Henry V.

King Henry V.—This contains the battle of Agincourt:—1599.

The Merchant of Venice.—The story of this play is built on a fact which happened in Italy; with this difference, that the intended cruelty was really on the side of the Christian, the Jew being the unhappy delinquent, who fell beneath his rigid and barbarous resentment.

All's Well that Ends Well.—This play, which is supposed to have been sometimes called *Love's Labour Wonne*, was originally taken from Boccace, but came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's *Gilletta of Narbon*, in the first volume of *The Palace of Pleasure*.

Much Ado about Nothing.—Part of this play is borrowed from the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, in the story of Ariodant and Geneura. The like story is also related in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

As You like It.—The plot of this play is taken from Lodge's *Rosalind*, or *Euphues's Golden Legacy*:—1590.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.—The

adventures of Falstaff in this play seem to have been taken from the story of the *lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece called *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*.

King Henry VIII.—This play (says Dr. Johnson,) is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play: the meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katherine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But, the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

Troilus and Cressida.—The scene lies in Troy and the Grecian camp alternately. The story is principally taken from the old book of Caxton.

Measure for Measure.—The plot is built on a novel of Cinthio Giraldi.

Cymbeline.—The plot of this play is taken from an old story book, entitled *Westward for Smelts*. The wager between Posthumus and Iachimo is taken from Boccace, *Decamerone*, Day 2d. Nov. 9.

King Lear.—The full title of this play, in the original edition, 1608, stands thus:—"Mr. William Shakspeare his true chronicle history of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters; with the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed humor of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaied before the King's Majesty at Whitehall uppon S. Stephen's night in Christmas hollidaies, by his Majesties servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Banck-side."

Macbeth.—The plot is founded on the Scottish history, and may be traced in the writings of Hector Boethius, Buchanan, Holinshed, &c. in Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, and in the first book of Heylin's *Cosmography*:—1606.

The Taming of the Shrew.—The plot of this play is taken partly from Goulart's *Histoires Admirables*, viz. that part relating to the drunken tinker.

Julius Caesar.—The speeches of Brutus and Antony over Cæsar's body are, perhaps, the finest pieces of oratory in the English language:—1607.

Antony and Cleopatra.—This play (says Johnson,) keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested:—1623.

Coriolanus.—This play is taken from Plutarch's life of Coriolanus. Johnson says "it is one of the most amusing of our author's performances."

Timon of Athens.—The story may be found in Lucian's *Dialogues*, and Plutarch's *Life of Marc Antony*:—1623.

* See the Story—*Mirror*, vol. xx. p. 118.

† See the Story—*Mirror*, vol. x. p. 299.

Othello.—This play was acted at the Globe and Blackfriars. The story is borrowed from Cinthio's novels.

The Tempest.—The scene of this play is at first on board a vessel in a storm at sea; the rest of the play in a desert island.

Twelfth Night.—This comedy, (says Baker,) with respect to its general plot, is, we believe, taken from Belleforest's novels; but the mistakes arising from Viola's change of habit, and true resemblance to her brother Sebastian, seem to owe their origin to the *Menæchimi* of Plautus. The scene lies in a city on the coast of Illyria:—1614.

Doubtful plays of Shakspeare:—*Pericles*, 1592; *Lochnore*, 1593; *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1598; the *Puritan*, 1600; *Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602; the *London Prodigal*, 1605; a *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608. *Pericles* has been admitted into the late editions of Johnson and Steevens. P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Modifications of Murder.—An Indian shoots at his enemy from behind a tree; a Turk will strike his handjar into the heart of his foe while he sleeps; and a South American Spaniard will rip up, on the spot, the bowels of one who has insulted him; while an Englishman or Frenchman calls out the man who has cast a stain upon his honour, and running him through the midriff, according to the rules of fence, or blowing out his brains at the dropping of a handkerchief, walks away, and calls this a fair, manly, open revenge—receiving the satisfaction of a gentleman.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

A countryman returning home by moonlight, after having taken his full share of ale, his horse, stopping at a pond, proceeded to take his full share of water, and in so doing pitched his rider over his head. The pond not being deep, the man soon recovered himself, and, catching hold of the bridle of his nag, exclaimed, "Dom thee! can't thee drink without a sop?"—*Literary Gazette*.

A Ready Answer.—During the Irish Rebellion, a handsome young woman, the servant of a Mrs. Lett, in Wexford, who was considered as a great patriot, (rebel,) was sitting one summer's evening at her mistress's window, singing words to certain airs which were not regarded as orthodox by the opposite party. The Marquis of Ely, with the High Sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were returning, after their wine, from the Grand Jury, and heard the young siren warbling at the window. But, as the strain sounded in their ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay; and, accordingly, my lord,

the High Sheriff, and their friends, to preserve the Constitution from all traitorous maid-servants, forthwith commenced proceedings: and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of great utility to the glazier, and had wellnigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner. However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the parties had been persuaded; my lord, the High Sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried. His lordship's counsel did their best for their noble client, and tried to mystify the singer; but the marquis, conceiving their delicacy too great in reference to this witness, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted. "Now, girl," said the Marquis, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say, you would split my skull open?"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be worth my while to split his skull open, my lord."

"Ha, ha!" said the marquis, "now I have her," (supposing that she made some allusion to a reward for killing him.) "And why, girl, would it not be worth your while?"

"Because, my lord," answered she, "if I had split his skull open, by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain, I should have found nothing inside of it." The laugh against the noble marquis was now too great to admit of his proceeding with his cross-examination. He was found guilty, and fined.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Ceylon.—Bishop Heber, in the journal of his tour in Ceylon, says there is one custom here, which struck him as remarkably humane: at certain distances along the road, large pots of water, with ladles attached to them, are placed for the use of travellers, and he frequently saw one of his bearers take a draught with great eagerness, and then run to join his comrades at the palanquin.

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